

BOMB PROOF

A Weekly Paper Devoted to the Interests of United States General Hospital No. 18

VOL. 1, NO. 4

WAYNESVILLE, N. C., AUG. 10, 1918

PRICE, 5 CENTS

Sunburst Spruce

An Appreciation of Co. A, 106th Engineers

When our government set out to make aeroplanes by the thousands and had inventoried the resources of our country for the necessary raw materials, it was found that there was a great shortage in high quality spruce. To make good this shortage the men in power mobilized all the great lumber mills in the localities where spruce grows and set them to work on government contract, agreeing to afford them all the help possible in money, men or equipment. The Champion Lumber Co., operating in a neighboring village, Sunburst, N. C., was one of the plants so mobilized and our government has placed a company of railway engineers (Co. A, 106th Engineers), at their disposal. The particular task assigned to them is the building of a railroad up into the mountains west of Sunburst, and thereby making available great forests of spruce hitherto untouched.

Capt. Gray, the commanding officer, has reason to be proud of his men. In less than three months' time they have constructed nearly nine miles of standard gauge railway, laying for the most part on a 6 or 7 per cent. grade. It has been necessary to blast much of the roadbed out of the rock and numerous trestles have been built, the largest one of which has a span of 300 feet and is 52 feet high.

Until recently the boys were encamped on a well shaded, beautiful plot about two miles above Sunburst. There the company street was laid out, and everything was neat and orderly as in any well-conducted camp. But as the length of the road increased, it became necessary to move out nearer the rail head. Accordingly camp was struck and the whole outfit moved out to its present location, nine miles from Sunburst, and onto a small plot of ground cleared out of the virgin forest. Prominent features of the camp are the cook

OUR TRIP TO ASHEVILLE.

Our ball team went to Asheville last Saturday for the purpose of playing baseball with the Kenilworth Hospital team. Many inquiries have been made about said game but very few complaints. Nearly everyone seems to understand that a ball team is not made in a day, and that with hard systematic practice and the proper coaching the same players can be developed into what should resemble a genuine team.

Why not show the Kenilworth team, when we play them in Waynesville, August 24, that instead of a score of 9 to 1, against us, we can produce the same degree of excellence in all departments of the game as they did last Saturday? Kenilworth is well organized and has been playing fast teams all season. They have an infield to be proud of, and Bergstrom, their catcher, made it known that bases were not to be stolen, nor any other outrage committed by the visiting team. He caught three of our fastest men trying to steal second, and did not allow any straying about the sacks.

We wish, however, to publish the fact that in one department of the game we were not outclassed by our opponents. We gathered 10 hits to their eight, and with better base running, together with an even break on the decisions of the game, we would have returned with a more interesting score. Allen did some very nifty work in fielding, while Donahue accepted his many chances at second base without an error. Foley and Archer pitched four innings each, Foley allowing five hits in the first four innings, while Archer allowed only three hits during the rest of the game. Poor support of our pitchers in the pinches was responsible for many of the runs. Let's get together

Editor's Note:—The psychological effect of putting men in uniform is well known. We, of the army, especially know that when any group of men seeking a common purpose are put into uniformity of dress, instantly

"Mike" to "Mac"

"Sammy" Needs Six Seconds' Handicap to Beat "Hun" Barrage

Sunday, June 30, 1918.

(Called a day of rest—why?)

Dear old Mac: I sure was tickled pink to get your letter which came up from the Central Laboratory this morning. Surprise is featured on your cheery, rose bud physiognomy, nest-ce pas, that mail should be sent to me from A. P. O. 721. Which leads you to what deduction, Watson? That I have departed bag, bug and baggage from those hospitable (?) doors of the Central Laboratory, and am now where one uses "abris" to escape the nightly love gifts of the bloomin', bleedin' 'Un. Correct, old socks, go to the head of the class. I am no longer of Biddy's Brigade, and of Young's Yeomen.

It came about of a beautiful Lord's Day morn', as I reposed on me bunk cussing heartily and sincerely. Of what did I profane the celestial heavens. Oh, prince, my rotten luck did I cuss. I was sick of my job, down to the last dred. A few rapid fire skirmishes which deprived me of my liberty pour une semaine (for one day), did not help me to look on life with a kindly eye, and I wished to be away—someplace.

Seeming in answer to my wish, the colonel informed me that I had to leave his kindly kingdom and come up here. And as I found out more about this place, the more my wonder grew that miracles are sniffed at. For only such sent me up here. Now don't rustle away with the idea that I have found "the job." It hasn't much on the one I left. In fact, to be frank, it lacks, not very much, but to a degree.

Of course, being a Red Cross Hospital, there is quite welcome relief from sergeants, etc., etc. Then again, there are Red Cross people here who are quite pleasant. However, I am rapidly (if the Lord won't step in and save me) becoming a laboratory tech-

SUNBURST SPRUCE

(Continued from First Page)

house and the stumps of freshly cut trees. At meal time the boys file past the cook house serving tables with mess kit in hand, and, after receiving "chow" a convenient stump is "annexed" and "table is set." Um-m and how they eat.

Soup, lots of good, fresh, well-roasted meat, string beans, "spuds," pie-apple pie, etc., etc.

The men are quartered in the regulation 16 by 16 brown duck army tents. Each tent has wooden floors, and army cots and foot lockers to accommodate five men.

One feature of most camps and notable of this camp because of its absence is the guard house. This camp does not need a guard house, having never had a man take absence without leave, and having never had a man placed under arrest for disobedience or refractory conduct. Few camps have such a record, a record which can argue only one thing for the spirit and morale of the outfit. It is high. Very high.

The men are hard-working and happy. They deserve and appreciate the passes and furloughs which are frequently theirs. A clever arrangement in the office, by which a certain percentage of the command is always on furlough, allows a 48-hour pass to each man about once a month and a 10-day furlough once in three months.

In conclusion we would like to state that if every branch of the work in Sunburst is as well handled as is railway construction the government cannot wish for a more efficient handling of their contract.

ON THE ROAD TO BASE 18

Ship me somewhere near to Waynesville,

Where them other "boys" have been,
Where we ain't just bloomin' "cases,"
But real men, as may be seen,
Where they treat you royal, like "humans,"

And that's where I would be,
Daily resting, growing fitter,
To go back across the sea!

Chorus:

On the road to Base 18,
Where the soldiers may be seen,
Layin' on the broad verandas
Lookin' out over fields of green!
In the wards of Base 18,
Where the "boss" is a "Red X Queen!"
And her wrath comes up like thunder
When "out of bounds" you've been!

—The Idler.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

A GAS BARRAGE.

Our Regiment went into the trenches the 6th of February, in the Chemin des Dames sector near Soissons. With the exception of a big German attack on the 28th, and a small amount of patrol work once or twice a week we saw very little excitement until the 16th of March.

On the 2d of March my partner and myself were put in charge of the telephone communication at P. O. (Post de Observation) Choane. This post, which was in No Man's Land, 200 yards or so in advance of our own line, was well camouflaged, and as we were very careful not to show ourselves in the day time we were almost as safe as any person thousands of miles from the line. During the two weeks we were at this post our position was not discovered by the enemy, although several times a machine gun position about 100 yards at our right was shelled.

Our location was very similar to all other observation and listening posts. Twelve observers, one officer, and two telephone men lived in a small dug-out about 15 feet below the ground. Only one man was on observation duty at a time. The observer was protected by the common steel post, which looks very much like a boiler, and has room for only two men at a time. Inside are the maps of enemy positions, high-power field glasses, and the telephone. Entrance into the steel P. O. was attained by climbing a ladder up through a hole in the ground from the dug-out.

At 6 o'clock in the evening on the 16th of March, the man on duty reported to his officer that new kinds of shells were being sent over which did not explode. He spoke of them as "duds." The officer immediately went up to investigate. After coming down he gave us orders to be sure and see that our masks were in good condition, as the shells contained gas.

Down in the dug-out we could hear the shells humming over our heads. The sound of the second could be heard in the air before the first one struck the ground. About 6:30 the man on duty reported "no answer to test call." This meant that the telephone line was broken and it was the duty of we telephone men to fix the wire. As we would be a target for the enemy going out over the top in daylight and as there was no immediate necessity for the use of the telephone, we were ordered to wait until dark.

About 8 o'clock my partner and I went out. We could smell very dis-

tinctly the odor of "mustard" gas, so immediately put on our masks. The break which had been made by a direct hit of a gas shell, was not far from the dug-out. In a short time we had established connections with battalion headquarters and were on our way back to our post.

The gas shells continued to come over at the same rate, one every third second. Some struck near us and some went as far as two miles behind the lines. About 9:30 our Lieut. Colonel came in and announced that as our station was the nearest one to the Germans he would remain with us during the night. As he wished to keep in touch with regimental and divisional headquarters it was important that the line of communication be kept open.

Our line running on the top of the ground as it did, was exposed to a great degree to the fire of the enemy, and by test calls every 15 minutes we would find the line broken on the average of twice an hour. We had no difficulty in finding the break in the wire until 2 a. m. on the 17th. At that time when we failed to receive an answer to our test call we went out. As it had become very much darker and the eye pieces on our masks had clouded over, we decided that it would be necessary for us to remove our masks for a few minutes. This was done and five minutes later the break was found and repaired. We put our masks on and returned to the dug-out and from then on until morning the wire was broken at about the same interval. At 7 a. m. being pretty tired from the night's work and as it was impossible for us to do anything in the daytime, we went to bed and slept until noon. When we awoke, neither of us were able to open our eyes, and then we learned for the first time that we had been gassed.

The gas shells were still coming over, and we were told that we would not be able to get an ambulance until after dark. At 8 p. m. that evening of St. Patrick's Day, all was again quiet and we were sent to the evacuation hospital, our eyes having been bandaged at the first aid station. It was three days after this before the gas began to take effect upon our skin, and then our whole body, from head to toe, began to burn, very similar to sunburn.

The Germans had sent over 40,000 gas shells at a cost to them of several hundred thousand dollars. Only 20 Americans were killed, and less than 200 sent to the hospital, of which number many recovered and are now back on the line.—John S. Piper.

SLIM'S HARD-LUCK DAY

It seems that Slim Cleland just can't get away from the Jinx. Only a short time ago he was released from confinement to quarters for going out and staying all night with an automobile. When the detachment boys and the patients had a ball game Slim put all of his money on the game and the game was called on account of rain in the third inning, with the patients in the lead. Of course all bets were called off, and Slim says that if the game had been played that he would be somewhere in Florida or Georgia by this time. It seems someone has her address.

Last Saturday when our team went to Asheville to play the team from Kenilworth Hospital. Slim borrowed a Ford car to take some rooters to the game. He also borrowed some money, but as the game advanced, he decided to leave the most of it with Kenilworth. Slim had so much confidence in the boys that he offered to bet his shoes and come home barefooted, but the Asheville boys took pity on him and told him that his 14 undershirt was enough to relieve him of.

Slim thought his bad luck was all over but the worst was yet to come. His intentions were to take a load of the boys back to Waynesville and the little Ford was packed pretty full. At first everything was running fine, but Cleland says that he should have had the eye clinic along with him, as the Ford developed a very bad case of blindness. Corporal Hair became very extravagant in being forced to strike a whole box of matches in order to find out how to fix the lamps on the car.

After the lights were lit the car was on its way towards Waynesville once again. Slim, who was driving, was singing "We Won't Get Home Until Morning," when all at once the "Tin Lizzie" developed an amazing case of lung trouble. Of course the singing was stopped and it was found that poor Slim had to lay on the run-

ning board to stop up the bottom of the carburetor with his fingers. This lasted until they got to Canton. "Pat" was doing the driving. At Canton Pvt. Nelson treated all to a mid-night lunch at the night and day cafe.

When they got started again Corp. Hair tried the running board, but he soon found out that he could not stay on. So Slim had to go back to his old job, holding the bottom of the carburetor with his fingers. Between the lake and town they saw a large Overland standing on the side of the road. "Pat" stopped and Corp. Hair had to get out and get under and shut off the gas so Cleland could get up. Of course they had to see who was in the big car and find out what was the matter. It turned out to be two young lieutenants with their lady friends. They had had a "blow out" and seemed to have no way of getting the tire fixed. So the two ladies and one of the officers were invited to get in the Ford and the eight of them made the trip on to Waynesville. The two ladies were safely taken to their homes and another Ford was obtained and Slim went back to Lake Junaluska for the car in which they had found the officers. On their way back, when they were in front of the Gordon Hotel, they had another blow out and almost woke up the whole town, filling the tire. At last they got both cars to the garage and everyone, including the lieutenant, went out to the Hospital and to bed. Time, 3:30 a. m.

Which is the dark age—the age which produced the Rheims Cathedral or the age which destroyed it?

The difference between the 13th century and the 20th is the difference between a machine gun and an illuminated missile!—Truth.

Found in street cars—Boneheaded man's umbrella, white child's mitt, black lady's veil and many other articles. London Street Railway Co.—Advt. in London (Ont.) Press.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The Red Cross office has been moved from the third story of the "annex" building to a tent near the main building of the Hospital, where Director Allen may be found. He has had tables and chairs put in and has made the tent office as comfortable as possible until he can move into the Red Cross house, which is one of the many improvements to be made here soon.

Director C. C. Thurber, of the Atlanta office, was here Tuesday of this week, looking after the interest of the Red Cross in the Hospital. He told the commanding officer that the National Red Cross was ready to give to the Hospital anything that he would ask for in reason. He assured both Major Davis and Director Allen that their requisitions would always be honored.

The spot selected for the Red Cross building is just below the tent colony near the tennis court.

CHURCH SERVICE.

Very Rev. Dr. F. Felix, V. G., will conduct divine services each Sunday hereafter in the Detachment mess hall at 9 a. m. sharp. All Catholic soldiers, patients and nurses should attend. Second service at the Gordon Hotel pavilion at 10:30 a. m.

OUR TRIP TO ASHEVILLE

(Continued from First Page)

some semblance of an organization springs up. If that dress lends itself well to the purpose for which they are organized, they will look the part they are to play and looking the part they can act it.

Two of our officers who are much interested in the ball team and realizing the psychology of the uniform, have gone ahead and ordered a complete outfit of playing equipment for the teams. The proceeds of the game today will form the basis of a fund to repay them. This we hope to do soon.

SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A. The Royal Cafe

can and will give the best EATS in town at REASONABLE PRICES. Or we will make up lunches and send them out.

PHONE ORDERS TAKEN

BOMB PROOF
Published by and for the Enlisted Men of U. S. General Hospital, No. 18

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1918

The editor wishes to call attention to the fact that the composition for this week's issue was set up by our own linotype man, Pvt. Joseph Eberl. We hope to retain him as a permanent addition to our staff.

Owing to the fact that the electric current was shut off this afternoon, we are late in getting our paper to press and furthermore there being no power on Sunday the paper will not be ready to distribute until Monday.

The Army As a Social Educator

Sometimes it takes a local incident, something that can be grasped in its entirety, to bring home to one in a clarifying way some great fact of national importance. Some great national fact of which the local happening is but a minute manifestation.

On Tuesday last, when 73 young men of this county departed this city for Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., we were down at the train and looked the situation over trying to analyze it. Trying to take the experience that will be theirs, considered first as a whole and then in the parts that it naturally divides into and make a decision as to what part is most significant. In other words we were taking a great fund of experience that is personal to every soldier who has "served" and seeking to apply it to an outside group (in this case 73 young men from this county). So forming a basis from which to forecast what the army life and army training will do for them. They in

turn forming a gauge which could be conveniently applied to the manhood of our whole nation.

As near as we can remember our results were as follows: First, they will learn a great many things that will be of practical, usable value to them when they come back home. Some will come back with trades, others will come back trained in first aid work, a few come back business administrators; all will come back with some knowledge of the use of firearms; all will come back with a better knowledge of what personal cleanliness and general order means; nearly all will come back physically more fit.

But these material arts, crafts and habits that are learned in the army, are mere appendages to the man. Things that he has collected around him and can barter and trade at will. Bigger than these are the more or less intangible things that the army affords and freely offers, and that become part of the man. Things that have moulded his mind and builded his personality.

He comes to the army from the country or mayhap from a city, but wherever he comes from, he is provincial. His mind is founded by the limits of the district he has lived in and is familiar with. But almost from the time he raises his right hand and becomes one of Uncle Sam's boys, he begins to travel and travels almost unceasingly. Provincialism is gradually being wiped out and the broad outlook and quiet self-assurance of the man of the world is developed.

Working parallel to and in harmony with the experience of travel is the bigger experience of communal living. Whether he is traveling or in camp, our soldier is brought into close contact with other soldiers from all parts of the country and out of all stations of life. He learns from them and with them. The constant social communication and intermingling is the greatest educative factor in all human experience. Compared to the great fraternity of "arms" the little college fraternity is as nothing. The college "frat" is communal living on a small scale. The army is communal living on a grand scale.

It has been said that the army makes a man or breaks him. Our experience is that it makes men. It may shackle some, but they are the sentimental, tempermental kind, who rave about ideals, etc., but these are only brought down to earth and their ideas and ideals are often made practical and made to influence those of their comrades who are more leaden-minded.

To the great majority the army is

a tonic, mental, moral and physical, and as it usually just needs a good shake-up to raise a man to a higher plane. The army gives this shake-up. The average is thus raised.

Of your soldier boy friends have you noticed that after about six months in service their letters have improved and that when the furlough brings them home, their English is richer and their ability to talk interestingly increased?

Danger of Peace Without Punishment

Germany, the blackest criminal in the world's history, will, through every influence which it can exert in this and every other country, seek to secure peace whenever its military leaders find that they are doomed. We shall have peace talk from some weak-minded ministers of the Gospel, but, thank God! their number is few. We shall have peace talk from many papers—some moved by pro-German influence, some by sickly neurotic sentiment against punishment of crime—and wherever pro-German deviltry can carry on its work we may rest assured it will be done, for many men, claiming the livery of Heaven, will be engaged in the work of the devil.

Many will seek to create an impression that Germany must not be punished and that its people are different from its military leaders, when every intelligent man who has studied the situation now knows that the people and the military leaders are one and the same in the support of this war.

The unspeakable individual crimes which marked the movement of the German army through Belgium and France, crimes which blacken the pages of human history as they were never blackened in the past; crimes, to recount which Secretary Lansing recently said "would sicken a tiger," were not committed individually by the Kaiser or the military leaders, but by the people themselves in the armies of Germany, encouraged thereto by the military leaders as a part of Germany's Campaign of Frightfulness. These people must be made to realize that sin must be punished and that crime must be atoned for, or else the blood of the millions of soldiers who have died will have been shed in vain, and the broken-hearted women, who have suffered as no other women in all human history, will go unavenged.

The great danger which faces this country today is that there will be a persistent effort to bring about a premature peace; a peace without punishment, which, if ever made, would be a

WAYNEWOOD THEATRE

Program August 12 to August 17

MONDAY, AUGUST 12

Elsie Ferguson

—in—

“BARBARY SHEEP”

10 and 20 Cents

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13

Ann Pennington

—in—

“SUNSHINE ANN”

10 and 20 Cents

Wednesday---THE BIG DAY---Matinee

“Playing the Game”

“Chas. Ray” Pictures

Only 10 and 20 Cents

--EVENING--

The Soldier Boys’ Big Minstrels

Benefit Y.M.C.A. Athletic Club

Admission 25 and 50 Cents

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

WALLACE REID
in “The Firefly of France”
10 and 20 Cents

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

W. S. HART
in “The Tiger Man”
10 and 20 Cents

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

“House of Hate,” Charlie Chaplin in
“His New Job,” Broncho Billy in
“His First Arrest,” 10 & 20c

The Waynesville and Annex

Pharmacies

M. H. REEVES, Proprietor

PHONES 1 and 16

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

We take great pride in our two drug stores—not vain pride, but the kind of pride that makes us use every endeavor to please our customers and to make them the best and most reliable drug stores in town.

For instance—take our system of checking when we fill a prescription; it is made up just exactly as it is called for and with a care that precludes all possibilities of error.

Our perfumes, toilet accessories, soaps, powders, and similar articles are sufficient to supply all demands.

Our Royal Ice Cream Parlor—the finest in the state—and our soda fountains at both places are strictly sanitary.

We appreciate the patronage of all.

REAL BASEBALL

The game today was not so one-sided as the score of 7-0 would seem to indicate. Except for the third and fourth innings, when the Hospital team scored three runs in each frame, the game was tight and the pitchers well supported. The Waynesville boys played good ball in the field, but were unable to gather more than three hits off Archer and Miles. Archer twirled for seven innings, giving way to Miles for the last six put-outs. The hitting of Archer featured, there being two doubles and a single to his credit, while Donahue, Hass and Capt. Stevens each registered two safe bingles apiece.

The game in detail: The U. S. A. General Hospital team won the toss and took the field. Bergin grounded out, Hass to Allen, E. Alley and Owen retired by striking out. For the Hospital team, Futrall tapped an easy one to E. Alley, who tossed him out at first. Weitzen went down, Bergin to Boone, and Donahue whiffed for the third out. The second inning opened with a single by Boone, who took second when Leatherwood grounded to Allen. Satterthwait was safe when Allen failed to handle his grounder, and Leatherwood went to third. Satterthwait stole second with men on second and third, and only one man out. H. Alley hit to Donahue, who threw out Boone at the plate, and Satterthwaite also was tagged out by Stevens at home, when he tried to score on a fumbled ball. The last half of the inning was brief, when Allen and McBride fanned and Stevens drove a liner to Pitcher Alley.

After Rogers and Allen were struck out by Archer, Bergin came through with a two-bagger, but E. Alley made the third out. Hass to Allen. Gall, first up for the Hospital, was hit by the pitcher and took first, went to second on a passed ball, and rode home on a double by Archer. Hass fanned, Futrall was safe when Bergin interfered with Owen on a fly ball. Weitzen went out on three strikes, while Donahue drove out a two-sacker that sent Archer and Futrall across the plate for two more runs. Allen popped out to second.

In the fourth Owen went out. Donahue to Allen; Boone was tossed out by Weitzen, and Leatherwood hit hard to Donahue, who made fast work of a hard chance. Stevens started off with a hit, stole second and third, while McBride again struck out. Gall lifted a high fly to Bergin. Archer delivered his second double of the game, driving in Stevens, and scored when Hass doubled to left. Futrall reached first,

and Hass took third on a hard hit ball to the pitcher and scored when E. Alley threw wild to first to catch Futrall off the base. Weitzen ended the frame by grounding out Bergin to Boone.

There was no more scoring until the seventh, when Donahue hit safe, took second on an infield out, and scored on a neat single by Stevens, who went to second on the throw to the plate for Donahue, but was called out at third base for the third out. Miles pitched the last two innings for the Hospital team and retired them each time in one, two, three order.

The score:

WAYNESVILLE

	Ab	Bh	R	Sb	Po	A	E
Bergin, ss.	4	1	0	0	2	2	0
E. Alley, p., 2b.	4	1	0	0	1	5	2
Owen, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Boone, 1b.	3	1	0	0	8	0	0
L'th'rwood, c.	3	0	0	0	10	1	0
S'tt'rthw'te, 2b, p	3	0	0	1	2	0	0
H. Alley, lf.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Rogers, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Allen, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	30	3	0	2	24	9	3

U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL

	Ab	Bh	R	Sb	Po	A	E
Futrall, cf.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Miles, p.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Weitzen, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Donahue, 2b.	4	2	1	0	1	5	1
Allen, 1b.	4	0	0	0	17	0	1
Stevens, c.	4	2	1	2	8	2	0
McBride, rf., lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gall, lf.	2	0	1	0	0	0	0
Witt, rf.	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Archer, p., cf.	4	3	2	0	0	2	0
Hass, ss.	3	2	1	0	0	4	0
Total	34	9	7	2	27	16	2

Waynesville . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Gen. Hospital . 0 0 3 3 0 0 1 0 x—7

Two-base hits—Archer, 2; Hass, Donahue, Bergin. Hit by pitcher—by E. Alley, 1. Struck out—by E. Alley, 9; by Archer, 5; by Miles, 1. Left on bases—Waynesville, 3; Hospital, 4. First base on errors, Waynesville, 2; Hospital, 2. Passed balls—Leatherwood, 1. Hits off, E. Alley, 9; off Archer, 3 in 7 innings; off Miles, 0 in 2 innings. Umpire, Capt. Wilcox. Time—1:32.

The management wishes to express its appreciation of the hearty co-operation of those who advertised the game and sold tickets. Especially do they thank the Williams' Stock Co., the Waynewood Theatre and the The Mountaineer-Courier for their favors, as well as Privates Stevens, Grossman and many other boys in uniform who helped to make the game a financial success.

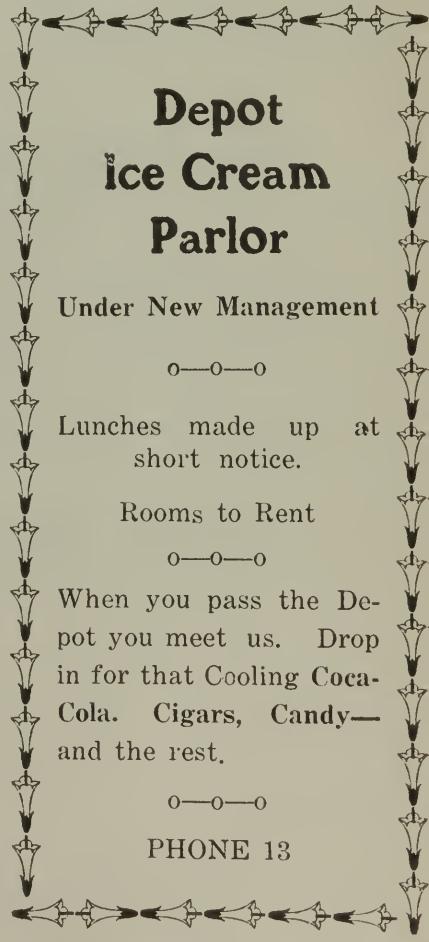
Danger of Peace Without Punishment

(Continued from Page 4)

deep stain on the honor and chivalry of this nation.

The nation which condones international crime is akin to the criminal, as the individual who condones crime becomes in effect a participant in the immorality of the criminal.

It behoves every honest-hearted man and woman in this country to make certain that neither in the pulpit nor in the press nor in private conversation shall there be the lightest word said in favor of peace until that peace is written in Berlin, after the criminals have paid the full measure of penalty for their crimes.—From Manufacturers Record.



Depot
Ice Cream
Parlor

Under New Management

o—o—o

Lunches made up at short notice.

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When you pass the Depot you meet us. Drop in for that Cooling Coca-Cola. Cigars, Candy—and the rest.

o—o—o

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PALMER HOUSE

MRS. L. B. PALMER

PIGEON STREET

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

"MIKE" TO "MAC"

(Continued from First Page)

nician. Make media and learning how to analize urine, etc. Can you imagine, ME. And I, sound in mind (?), 21, and white, voluntarily left the ambulance service. Oh, Brutus, there is no justice!!

And I thought I'd see action up here. Its an evacuation hospital. We do get action, allright. About 11:30 p. m., you hear a faint barrage, growing stronger and stronger. So reaching down, slowly, but earnestly, you feel for your shoes. Putting them near, you see if your overcoat or bath robe is handy. Then thru the night comes the sinister sound of a Boche plane. And before you have time to figure whether your insurance is paid up O. K., bang, go the "archies." Then you dive into your shoes, grab your coat and depart. You see, we sleep in a tent, and there is danger from falling shrapnel. So we get behind something solid, toute de suite.

The first raid I took part in found me so eager to see everything that I came out with my left shoe on my right foot and my bathrobe under my arm. I was so eager that nothing should escape me that I forgot my other shoe—and I didn't go back for it. It seems that all I wanted to see was the inside of an abri, for that's where I wound up.

I don't mind them so much now. In fact when the alerte goes off, it doesn't take me much less than 10 seconds to put my shoes and coat on, and reach shelter about 200 yards away.

One chap holds the record here, about six seconds, but wait till I get some practice. Well, well, its a great existence, n'est-cepas.

So, you old ground hog, you are on the mend, eh! That's fine business (as the old man says). It pleases me mightily to learn that you expect to be about soon. And a job in Chicago. Oh, man. And there still are people who talk of the evils of the white plague.

I wish you were here with me, boy. My assistant is a person Yclept. Moran, from Washington, or D. C., as he calls it. His former occupation was acting as guide to a team of coal wagons, so he enlisted in the army medical school to learn how to be a technician. He evidently holds the king's English for ransom, but then again, his viewpoint is refreshing. His idea of heaven is D. C., and a whisky drunk. At some future time I might tell him that one follows the other in natural sequence, that is, when I know him better.

**MAY BLOSSOM****ONE MORE BIG WEEK**

Change of Program Every Night
Special Matinee Saturday, 3:30

WILLIAMS STOCK CO.

NEXT WEEK'S PLAYS

"Tempest and Sunshine"
"45 Minutes from Bdway"
"Poly of the Circus"
"An American Girl"
"Diana's Atonement"
"Captured by Wireless"

As I am quite likely to emulate the busy little bee in my movements, addiees me

American University Union,
Cornell Bureau,
8 Rue de Richelieu,
Paris, France.

From there it will be forwarded to me and write again—soon.

Mike.

Be sure and make a date for next Wednesday night and take your girl to the minstrel show at the Waynewood Theatre.

Save your money, buy Thrift Stamps and help win the war.

When in Town

get your lunch here. A good meal at a low price. We also handle groceries. Your trade appreciated.

Whitehouse Cafe

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Depot Street

GREASEBALL'S GROANS

Pvt. Perkins, the noted vocal artist, known as the bar room baritone, offers the following poem for your approval, and claims he read all of Longfellow's works, unless he has written something lately:

When the United States is Licked!
When the lion eats grass like an ox,
and the fish worm swallows the whale,
When terrapins knit woolen socks,
and the hare is overrun by the snail,
When serpents walk upright like men,
and doodle bugs travel like frogs,
When the grasshopper feeds on the hen, and feathers grow on hogs,
When Tom cats swim in the air, and elephants roost upon trees,
When insects in summer are rare, and snuff never makes people sneeze,
When fish creep over dry land, and mules on velocipedes ride;
When oxes lay eggs in the sand, and women in dress take no pride,
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
and girls get to preaching on time,
When the billy goat butts from the rear, and treason no longer is crime,
When the humming bird brays like an ass, and limburger smells like cologne,
When plowshares are made of glass,
and hearts of southerners are stone,
When sense grows in the kaiser's head
and wool on the hydraulic ram,
Then the United States will be licked,
and Germany won't be worth a dam.

Reddick welcomes you, Slim Cleveland. May all your troubles be little ones.

Pvt. Heartbeat Wilson says his definition of a hero is anyone who lives in Hazelwood over a week.

The Kaiser, trying allied cock-tails, added too much WILSON and is now an OLD CROW, ready to be thrown into the GREEN RIVER.

Notice is hereby given to enlisted men when they go swimming to take an extra pair of socks, as nurses stockings won't fit everyone.

Corp. Gebhart has withdrawn from the mustache race. Pvt. Keyes is now open to all comers to defend his title. Gebhart claims he was never told to wipe his lip.

Talk about hard luck, Pvt. Covington used to have a valet, now he has bunions. Don't kick now. Fat.

Pvt. Dan Clark wants everyone to know he was in New York City and even knows the fellow who runs the hotel down there.

* * *

Corp. Berkowitz claims he is a candidate for the baseball team. He ought to be good. He always sleeps with a PITCHER in his tent, and BATS fly all around. He also goes off his BASE when you don't answer reveille. We might add he practices with a fly CATCHER, and feels PUT OUT when the boys are noisy after 9:30 p. m.

* * *

Pvt. Cupid Bennett has just returned from America. How do you like it around here now, Jackie?

* * *

Pvt. Futral's idea of nothing to go by is the town clock. Don't pick on anything that can't use its hands, Futral.

* * *

Our idea of an accident going someplace to happen is the Clown Prince of Germany.

* * *

Pvt. Allen, the Georgia Peach, is lonesome. Cheer up, Horace, you have her picture and the summer isn't over yet.

* * *

Pvt. Clements denies the persistent rumor of his engagement to a local girl. We knew you had willpower, Clem.

* * *

Pvt. First Class Hoffer has made the M. P. force at last. His appetite entitled him to an appointment long before this, but he had to learn to snore much louder before being assigned. Snoring is one of the most necessary qualifications.

* * *

We have often heard of large vegetables, but can you imagine Waynesville claiming that five M. P.'s could sleep on one beet.

* * *

Pvt. Stone, of Ward II, was passing NO Man's Land while the morning calesthenics were going on. Stone then turned to rubber.

* * *

Pvt. Bloomer, the Adonis of Ward V, has just had his mouth upholstered. Bloomer sure is popular. He calls all the girls by their first name. Sergt. George called Bloomer, but not by name.

* * *

We might say Pvt. Bloomer's teeth are like the stars of heaven, because they come out mostly every night.

The White Guard

Once more.—After two weeks of gay life at Washington, she has again settled down to simple life in the army. Among the souvenirs of her trip is an overseas cap from Fort Meyer. Judging from its size he was not afflicted with grossness of the skull.

In answer to the question in last week's issue, as to why the fourth corner in the Nurses' Guard House remains unoccupied we desire to inform you, that, after a very searching examination by the board, it was decided that none of the other applicants showed sufficient activity, at present, to warrant her detention there.

(But cheer up girls, there's a good time coming!)

"Rules may come, and rules may go But NOT, we hope, forever!—The Idler.

Chief Owens, not satisfied with hitting the ball, follows it up and kicks it before making first base. We recommend football. Stynes, after hitting the ball, follows it up and kicks it before making first base. We recommend football. Stynes, after hitting the ball, rushes madly after it. Jimmy on first base stands and looks on. Jimmy believes in letting the other fellow do the work.

Sound the alarm, a picture no artist can paint, Alseph taking setting up exercises.

Carey at the bat. What should I do after I hit the ball? Fie Carey why so cruel to the poor ball.

Coming events cast their shadows before them. We are looking for the shadows of Hickman, Fisher, Ranny, Pinny and Harvin in their gyn suits.

(Bawl) whereof more later, since this is war time and we should practice economy even in words, we will condense our account of the game—

Mitum in Parvo.

Play ball,

(Much squall!)

SOME fall:

That's all!—The Idler.

TEN-SUN! We hear Morris had her cap taken away 365 days out of the year while training, we wonder how she holds it here.

Lost—Tuesday between Army Hospital and home, a purse containing \$8.15. Will finder return to Grant Curtiss and receive reward?

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WAYNESVILLE HARDWARE CO.

WISHES EVERY SOLDIER BOY

sojourning in Waynesville may enjoy
his stay here; that some of them will
like our beautiful mountain country
well enough to never leave it.

We do not ask them to do anything
for us but DO ask them to call on us
for any favor we can do them.

Bless them! May they live long
and prosper.

W. T. DENTON, Mgr.

An Announcement

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Nurses and soldiers, both officers and enlisted men, are finding
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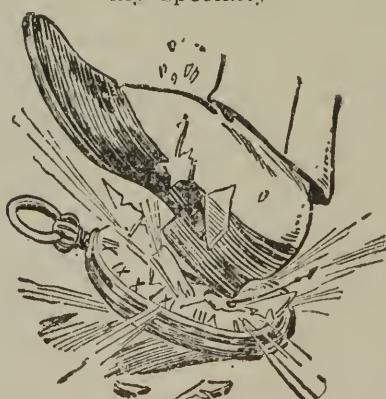
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Social Events of the Past Week

Friday's (Aug. 2d) Musicale.

The big feature of the Friday musicale, which, by the way, was the first of a series of such programs arranged for by the Y. M. C. A., was the Gordon Hotel Orchestra, composed of piano, violin and drums. Every selection, whether popular, standard or classical, was received with unmistakable demonstrations of approval.

Dr. King, of the King's school of Expression, Pittsburgh, Pa., drew more than a few hearty laughs through a humorous recital of a dialogue between himself and a "panhandler." His interpretation of J. W. Riley's poem, "When the Frost Is On the Pumpkin and the Corn Is in the Shock," stamps him the master of his profession.

Miss Guy, of Roanoke, Va., also assisted with two readings.

* * *

Sunday's Auto Party.

Again on Sunday afternoon the Waynesville Chapter of "The Daughters of the American Revolution" took about 70 of the ambulant patients on an auto party. Of course it goes without saying, that every one was eager to go and enjoyed the ride. To most of us it meant not only a pleasant excursion through the beautiful hills, but also a welcome diversion from the monotonous routine of hospital life.

STATISTICS COVERING PERSONNEL AND PATIENTS

Officers	20
Nurses	34
Medical Corps Detachment...	182
Patients	374
Patients on Furlough	35
Vacant Beds	100
Proposed Additional Beds....	500

HIS SYSTEM.

First Lieut.—"And you say you have a system by which you can succeed in the army?"

Second Lieut.—"I have."

First Lieut.—"And what is the secret of this system?"

Second Lieut.—"Get something on your superior officer—get something better on him than he has on you, and the sailing will be smooth forever afterwards.—Trench and Camp.

NEVER WAS ALONE.

Capt.—"Did that prisoner always sing when he was alone?"

Pvt.—"I don't know, sir, I was never with him when he was alone."

Mrs. J. F. Abel and Mrs. S. H. Bushnell, committee on arrangements, deserve much credit for the success of the party, as also do those towns people who furnished automobiles. A list of the latter follows:

Mr. and Mrs. M. Woolsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Howell, jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Alvey Brown, Miss Margaret Stringfield, Mr. and Mrs. Will Wilsey, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Sloan, Mr. C. B. Atkinson, Miss Dolly Lee, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. William Hawsh, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Hillard Atkins.

* * *

Monday's (Aug. 5th) Musicale.

As on Friday, the Gordon Hotel Orchestra formed the backbone of the program. The trap drummer surely put lots of "pep" and sparkle into the patriotic numbers. As one patient remarked, it "gave him that follow the band" feeling.

Mr. Zauzaszi, storyteller, helped out with several numbers, recitations, monologues and readings.

* * *

Thursday afternoon (August 8) the Williams Stock Co., with May Blossom Williams, gave a gratuitous performance at the hospital for the patients and personnel. Every number was received with enthusiasm.

Greaseballs Minstrels

Wednesday evening, at the Waynewood Theatre, the Minstrel Company, which performed at the Hospital on Thursday evening of last week, will give practically the same entertainment.

This is something which all who attended before will be sure to attend again, and it is hoped that many people who have not yet heard these famous minstrels will take advantage of this opportunity.

QUALIFIED FOR A COMMISSION.

"What military experience have you had?" asked the registrar in a little town in the South of a flashy-dressed negro who had presented himself for registration.

"Ise done been shot at twice, sah." —Exchange.

PEPPERY

She: "Why don't these troops dis'ay more ginger?"

He: Why, you see, they were so 'spectly mustered."

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B. F. SMATHERS Grocer

We carry a full line of good things to eat. When planning your dinner party, luncheon, social or picnic come and see our line of fresh goods.

Everything that a soldier desires is found at this store—CIGARS, CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS always on hand.

PAY CASH and PAY LESS

A trial will convince you

*The Post Exchange
extends a cordial invitation
to all*

*Barber Shop and
Shoe Shine Parlor
in connection*

Strategy

What did Foch do?

For months and months he painstakingly added to his reserves until he had amassed a potent force.

Opportunity came—Foch was ready. He struck hard.—He is winning.

Are YOU amassing dollar reserves? When opportunity comes will YOU be ready to strike?

Follow Foch! Start piling up YOUR reserves in a savings account at this bank.

*Bank of
Waynesville
THE OLDEST BANK IN WESTERN N. C.*

HAVE YOU NOTICED—

Who controls the 'ship of state' down at the detachment headquarters now.

* * *

Who is assisting the mess officer. (Look out now for the eats.)

* * *

Who is behind the counter at the dispensary.

* * *

That the Cocoa-Cola business is not so good.

* * *

That small people always imagine they are filling large places.

* * *

Sgt. Fisher out talking to the fish in the fountain.

* * *

That when a man gets two bars this place won't hold him.

* * *

Why is Sgt. Mitchell's head so much like heaen?

Ans: Because its such a bright shineny shop and there's no parting there.

* * *

What was the first property owned by an express company?

Ans: Eve. She was made for Adams Express Company.

* * *

Why do the trees turn red in the fall?

Ans: Because they blush to think of the time when they will have to show their limbs.

Because he was too big to be a soldier, George Bell, a giant negro, was rejected by the army surgeons at Camp Upton. He was 7 feet, 11 inches high—"lucky combination," said George—and weighs about 350 pounds.

When he came to camp with a contingent of drafted men, two army cots were provided for him and he was carried on the company rolls of the 367th Infantry, as two men, because he couldnt get along on the rations of a single soldier. He was anxious to fight, but he said he wanted to warn the quartermaster that his shoes cost \$18 a pair in peace times and that the regulation equipment of three pairs would put a large hole in the Liberty Loan, without mentioning the yards of khaki required for his uniform.

When the question of a special trench for George at the front was brought up, the military authorities decided it would be cheaper to let George go and spend the money raising another division and so he was turned loose.—The Antidote.

DETACHMENT GETS**NEW MESS HALL**

The enlisted men of the Medical Corps have recently been provided with a new kitchen and mess hall, which is very conveniently located a few steps from the detachment's barracks. The building is of semi-permanent nature, the floors and side walls being constructed of planking and the roof of regulation brown army duck, stretched across a skeleton form of rafters. An interval of about three feet is placed between the walls and roofing so as to ensure plenty of ventilation, screening being used to protect from flies. The unit provides a clean and efficiently arranged kitchen, a dining hall for the non-commissioned officers and a large similar hall for the privates. Fixtures include a standard field range, similar to ones used on the border, and so much used now in France, large utensil cupboards, work tables, the usual style of long benches and dining tables and a steward's store room.

Those of the men, whose opinion we have received say that the new arrangement is almost ideal, and declare themselves in favor of a mess fund for next month. Contributions would be levied in such an amount as to provide them with such things as pie and pastries, fruit occasionally, and butter. Assuredly the idea of a mess fund should be encouraged and when the support of enough of the men is certain, a committee should be commissioned to carry it through.

HEARD IN TOWN BY AN M. P.

Young lady to companion (as Pvt. York goes by, wearing overseas cap and Mexican border bar)—"Oh, look, Mamie, I'll bet he is a hero, he has a French war medal."

Mamie (disgustedly)—"War medal, my eye. Why Mac, the M. P. told me he was only drafted three months ago and he belongs to the poultice mixers. Where do you get that hero stuff?"

Youny lady—"Oh, dear! How these soldiers can throw that stuff to us girls."

ADMITTED.

Lady (to wounded soldier in Hospital)—You must have come through some pretty tight squeezes?

He (guilty)—Well, ma'am, the nurses have been pretty good to me.—Yale Record.

OUTCLASSED

The devil sat by the lake of fire,

On a pile of sulphur kegs:
His head was bowed upon his breast,
His tail between his legs.

A look of shame was on his face
The sparks dropped from his eyes;
He sent his resignation
To the throne up in the skies.

"I'm down and out," the devil said,
He said it with a sob;
"There are others that outclass me,
And I want to quit my job.

"Hell isn't in it with the land
That lies along the Rhine,
I'm a 'has been' and a 'piker,'
And therefore I resign.

"Those ammunition slingers,
With their bloody shot and shell,
Know more about damnation
Than all the imps of hell.

"Give my job to Kaiser Wilhelm
And his army on the Rhine,
Von Tirpitz or Von Hindenburg,
O: some such child of mine.

"I hate to leave the old home,
The spot I love so well;
But I feel that I'm not up to date
In the art of running hell."

IF

If you can hold your head up while
the others

Are drooping theirs from marches
and fatigue;

If you can drill in dust that clouds and
smothers,

And still be fit to hike another
league;

If you can stand the greasy food and
dishes,

The long black nights, the lonesome
road, the blues;

If you can choke back all the gloomy
wishes

For home that seem to spring right
from your shoes;

If you can laugh at sick-call and the
pill boys,

When all the other lads are check-
ing in;

If you can kid and jolly all the kill-
joys,

Whose faces long ago forgot to
grin;

If at parade you stand fast at atten-
tion,

When every muscle shrieks at the
mention

Of some bone play connected with
your knocking,

At thoughts of all the bullets you
may stop;

If you can do these things and really
like 'em,

You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet, old
top.—D. H. W.

GREASEBALL'S MINSTRELS

*With "Pearl White" Cox
and Raymond Henry, at*

The Waynewood Theatre

Wednesday Evening, August 14th

Proceeds for Soldiers' Athletic Fund

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